limbs.

truder.

hard lips.

Rutton seemed not to hear; Amber

some to the eye, attired in an extrav-

his fingers, his head well up and back,

his stare level, direct, uncompromis-

ing, a stendy challenge to the in-

and weary smile curving his thin,

The Bengali moved a pace or two

from the door, and plucked nervously

at the throat of his surtout, finally

managing to insert one hand in the

"I seek." he said distinctly in Urdu,

and not without a definite note of

menace in his manner, "the man call-

Very deliberately Rutton inclined his head. "I am he."

doubled up his enormous body in pro-

found obeisance. Having recovered,

he nodded to Amber with the easy fa-

miliarity of an old acquaintance. "To

you, likewise, greeting, Amber Sa-

Amber with an exclamation of amaze-

ment. "You know this fellow, David?"

by a pressing auxiety to clear himself.

"Hazor, I did but err, being misled by

his knowledge of our tongue as well

as by that pale look of you he wears.

And, indeed, is it strange that I should

take him for you, who was told to

"Be silent!" Rutton told him an-

"My lord's will is his slave's." Re-

"Tell me about this," Rutton de-

signedly the babu folded his fat arms.

"The ass ran across me in

woods south of the station, the day

marizing the episode as succinctly as

meant by that. He did call by night

and stole the box. That's about all I

know of him, thus far. But I'd watel

"Indeed, my lord, it is all quite as

the sahib says," the babu admitted

conspired to mislead me; but that I

time in remedying the error, as you

He shut up suddenly at a sign from

Rutton, with a ludicrous shrug of his

huge shoulders disclaiming any ill-in-

tent or wrong-doing; and while Rut-

ton remained deep in thought by the

flickering suspiciously round the

At length Rutton looked up, sup

pressing a sigh. "Your errand, babu?"

speak before this man?" The Bengali

nodded impudently at Amber.

"It is my will."

the rest I am-"

jurer-I know you.

Voice?

oor, from the Bell."

"Is it, then, your will that I should

"Shabash! I bear a message, ha-

"You are the Mouthplece of the

"That honor is mine, hazoor. For

"Behari Lai Chatterji," interrupted

Inner Temple-disbarred; anointed

thief, Har, jackal, lickspittle, and per-

"My lord," said the man insolently.

omits from his catalogue of my ac-

complishments my chiefest honor; he

"The Body wears strange members

that employs you, babu," commented

Rutton bitterly. "It has fallen upon

evil days when such as you are

"My lord is harsh to one who would

be his slave in all things. Fortunate

indeed am I to own the protection of

tensely, beneath his breath.

true that you have the Token?"

charged with a message of the Bell."

cepted Member of the Body."

have heard. Moreover-"

graciously, his eyes gleaming with

seek you in this wild land?"

manded of Amber.

The babu cut in hastily, stimulated

"What!" Rutton swung sharply to

The babu laboriously

folds of silk across his bosom.

ing himself Rutton Sahib?"

"Hazoor!"

beady, evil eyes of the man.

SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Behari Lai Chatterii, "the appointed mouthplees of The Bell," addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a mysterious little bronze box. "The Token," into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name, He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quains. Several nights later the Quain home is bargiarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain so hunting on an Island and become lost and Amber is left marconed, He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in England, and who appears to be in hiding.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued).

"The same man. He asked me down for the shooting-owns a country place across the bay: Tanglewood." "A very able man; I wish I might have met him. . . . What of your-

self? What have you been doing these three years? Have you married?" "I've been too busy to think of "Ah?"

Amber flushed boyishly. "There was girl at Quain's-a guest. . But she left before I dared speak. Perbaps it was as well."

"Why?" "Because she was too fine and weet and good for me, Rutton."

"Like every man's first love." The elder man's glance was keentoo keen for Amber to dissimulate succeasfully under it. "You're right," he admitted ruefully. 'It's the first sur-enough trouble of the sort I ever experienced. And, of course, it had to be hopeless."

"Why?" persisted Rutton. "Because-I've half a notion there's a chap waiting for her at home." "At home?"

"In England." The need for a confidant was suddenly imperative upon the younger man. "She's an English girl-half English, that is: her mother was an American, a schoolmate of Quain's wife; her father, an Englishman in the Indian service.

"Her name?" 'Sophia Farrell." A peculiar quality, a certain tensity, in Rutton's manner, forced itself upon Amber's attention. "Why?" he asked. "Do you grily. know the Farrells? What's the mat-

Rutton's eyes met his stonily; out of the ashen mask of his face, that suddenly had whitened beneath the brown, they glared, aftre but unseeing. His hands writhed, his fingers twisting I came down," explained Amber, sûmtogether with cruel force, the knuckles gray. Abruptly, as if abandoning the he could. "He didn't call me by your attempt to resssert his self-control, he name, but I've no dobut he's telling jumped up and went quickly to a win- the truth about mistaking me for you. dow, there to stand, his back to Am- At all events he hazoor-ed me a number, staring fixedly out into the storm- ber of times, talked a lot of rot about racked night. "I knew her father." some silly 'Voice,' and finally made the said at length, his tone constrained | me a free gift of a nice little bronze and odd, "long ago, in India."

box that wouldn't open. After which He's out there now-a political, I he took to his heels, saying he'd call believe they call him, or something of later for my answer-whatever he

"Yes." "She's going out to rejoin him." "What!" Rutton came swiftly back out for him, if I were you; if he isn't to Amber, his voice shaking. "What a raving lunatic, I miss my guess."

did you say?" Why, yes. She travels with friends by the western route to join Colonel Farrell at Darjeeling, where he's sta- sardonic amusement. "Circumstances tioned just now. Shortly after I came down she left; Mrs. Quain had a wire a day or so ago, saving she was on the point of sailing from San Fran-

cisco. . . . Good Lord, Rutton! Something in the man's face had brought Amber to his feet, a prey to inexpressible concern; it was as if a mask had dropped and he were looking upon the soul of a man in mortal

"No," gasped Rutton, "I'm all right. Besides," he added beneath his breath, so that Amber barely caught the syllables, "it's too late."

As rapidly as he had lost he seemed to regain mastery of his inexplicable emotion. His face became again composed, almost immobile, and stepping to the table he selected a cigarette and rolled it gently between his slim brown fingers. "I'm sorry to have alarmed you," he said, his tone a bit too even not to breed a doubt in the mind of his hearer. "It's nothing serious-a little trouble of the heart, of

long standing, incurable-I hope." Perplexed, yes hesitating to press him further, Amber watched him furtively, instinctively assured that between this man and the Farrells there existed some extraordinary bond; wondering how that could be, convinced in his soul that somehow the entanglement involved the woman he loved, he still feared to put his supicions to the question, lest be should learn that which he had no right to know . . .

and while he watched was startled by the change that came over Rutton. At case, one moment, outwardly composed, if absorbed in thought, the next he was rigid, every muscle taut, every nerve tense as a steel spring. His head jerked back suddenly, his gaze fixing itself first upon the window, then shifting to the door. And his ingers, contracting, tore the eigarette

"Rutton, what the deuce is the mat-

slik across his bosom, and groped sword of two edges.' Nosh, thanks; son was 'e, sir, and what made Ma therein for an instant. "Even here," the servants of the Bell do not linger Rutton go aw'y with 'im?" he iterated with a maddening man-by wayside, son to speak. Besides, I "He didn't; he went after him to . ner of supreme ect-complacency, producing the bronze box and waddling good night. Rutton Sahib"-with a over to drop it into Rutton's band. flash of his sinister humor-"au re-'My lord is satisfied?" he gurgled ma- volr; I mean to say, till we meet in

Without answering Rutton turned the box over in his paim, his slender whom a little time since he had halled fingers playing about the bosses of as "my lord," shrugged his coat collar the relief work; there followed a up round his fat, dirty neck, shivered click and one side of it swung open. In anticipation, jerked the door open The Bengali fell back a pace with a and plunged ponderously out. whisper of awe-real or affected: The Token, hazoor!" Amber himself gasped slightly. got his answer from the door, which

Unheeded, the box dropped to the was swung wide and slammed shut. A floor. Between Rutton's thumb and blast of frosty air and a flurry of forefinger there blazed a great emsnow swept across the room. And erald set in a ring of red old gold. against the door there leaned a man He turned it this way and that, inpuffing for breath and coughing spasspecting it critically; and the lampmodically—a gross and monstrous bulk of flesh, unclean and unwholelight, catching on the facets, struck from it blinding shafts of intensely green radiance. Rutton nodded as agant array of colored garments, if in recognation of the stone and, In the act of opening it, he gianced turning, with an effect of carelessness, over his shoulder. "What?" he detawdry silks and satins clinging, sodden to his ponderous and unwieldy tossed it to Amber.

"Keep that for me, David, please," "The babu!" cried Amber uncon he said. And Amber, catching it, dropped the ring into his pocket. ously; and was rewarded by a flash

of recognition from the coal-black, "My lord is satisfied with my credentials, then?" the babu persisted. But for that involuntary exclama "It is the Token," Rutton assented tion the tableau held unbroken for a "Now, your message. Be wearily. space; Rutton standing transfixed, the

torn halves of the cigarette between "The utterances of the Voice be infrequent, hazoor, its words few-but fellow'd do anything, brave any or- fireplace, kicked the embers together charged with meaning: as you know of old." The Bengali drew himself up, holding up his head and rolling Then, demanding Amber's silence forth his phrases in a voice of great with an imperative movement of his resonance and depth. "These be the hand, Rutton spoke. "Well, babu?" words of the Voice, hazoor: he said quietly, the shadow of a bitter

"To All My Peoples: "Even now the Gateway of Swords yawns wide, that he who is without fear may pass within; to the end that the Body be purged of the Scarlet Evil.

'The Elect are bidden to the Ordeal with no exception." The sonorous accents subsided, and

am in great hurres. Mister Amber,

become a suitable subject for discus thee Hall of thee Bell. Good night." He nodded insolently to the man sion with Rutton's servant. "I think," he amended lamely, "he had forgotten something." "And 'e's out there now! My Gawd.

what a night!" He hung in hesitation for a little. "Did 'e wear 'is topcoat and 'at, sir?"

A second later Amber saw the con-"No! he went suddenly. I don't fused mass of his turban glide past think he intended to be gone long."

east."

Amber caught his tongue on

the verge of an indiscretion; no mat ter what his fears, they were not yet

"I'd better go after 'im, then. 'E'll

surprisingly little delay, fully dressed

"As well as I could judge, to the

Doggott took down a second ulster

and a cap from pegs in the wall.

The door slammed behind him.

Alone, and a prey to misgivings he

scarce dared name to himself, Am-

her from the window watched the blot

of light from Doggott's handlamp fade

and vanish in the storm; then, becom-

ing sensible to the cold, went to the

until they blazed, and piled on more

A cozy, crackling sound began to

be audible in the room, sibilant jets of

Under the hypnotic influence of the

comforting warmth, weariness de-

scended upon Amber like a burden;

he was afraid to close his eyes or to

sit down, lest sleep should overcome

him for all his intense excitement and

anxiety. He forced himself to move

steadily round the room, struggling

against a feeling that all that he had

witnessed must have been untrue, an

evil dream akin to the waking vis-

ions that had beset him between the

oss of Quain and the finding of Rut-

roundings seemed to discredit the

In a setting so hopelessly common-

testimony of his wits.

Incredible!

strangely cut.

curiously. . .

returned.

fashion it in its present form.

questioning the inscrutable green

as a mantle might slip from his shoul-

ders; awake, staring wide-eyed into

the emerald eye, he forgot self, for-

got the world, and dreamed, dreamed

The crash of the door closing be

hind him brought him to the right-

about in a panic flutter. He glared

stupidly for a time before compre

hending that Rutton and Doggott had

If there were anything peculiar in

his manner, Rutton did not remark it.

Indeed, he seemed unconscious, for a

time, of the presence either of Amber

or of Doggott. The servant relieved

him of his overcoat and hat, and he

strode directly to the fire, bending

over to chafe and warm his frost-

nipped hands. Unquestionably he la-

bored under the influence of an ex-

traordinary agitation. His limbs

twitched and jerked nervously; his

eyebrows were tensely elevated, his

eyes blazing, his nostrils dilated; his

From across the room Doggott sig-

the back room and shut the door.

CTO BE CONTINUED.)

"A barber was picked up on the

sidewalk yesterday, foaming at the

"I don't know, but he was found in

front of a billboard, on which there

was a safety-razor advartisement 26

Where the Charm Falled.

to bear a charmed life; trip after trip

he has made in his airship, ascending

hundreds of feet, and never has had

Ranler-But I heard he broke his

the sign of an accident.

Loomis-Carey, the aviator, seems

face was ashen gray.

mouth."

his attack?"

The very mediocrity of the sur-

CHAPTER V.

the window.

'ave pneumonia. . . . I'll just jump into me clothes and—" He slipped into the back room, to reappear with The Goblin Night. Amber whistled low. "Impossible!" and buttoning a long ulster round his throat. "You didn't 'appen to no he said thoughtfully. tice which w'y 'e went, sir?"

Rutton had crossed to and was pending over a small leather trunk that stood in one corner of the room.

manded sharply.
"I was only thinking; there's somedo my best to find 'im; 'e might lose 'imself, you know, with no light nor thing I can't see through in the ba-bu's willingness to go." nothin'.

"He was afraid to stay." "Why?" Rutton, rummaging in the trunk, made no reply. After a moment Am-

ber resumed. "You know what Bengalis are: that dinary danger, rather than try to cross that sandbar again-if he really fuel. came that way; which I am inclined to doubt. On the other hand, he's intelligent enough to know that a night flame, scarlet, yellow, violet, and like this in the dunes would kill him. green, spurted up from the driftwood.

Well, what then?" Rutton was not listening. As Amber concluded he seemed to find what he had been seeking, thrust it hurriedly into the breast-pocket of his coat, and with a muttered word, unintelligible, dashed to the door and

flung it open and himself out. With a shrick of demoniac glee the



"Till We Meet in the Hall of The Bell. Good Night."

a tense wait ensued, none speaking, | wind entered into and took possession Rutton stood in stony apathy, his eyes of the room. A cloud of snow swept lifted to a dim corner of the ceiling, across the floor like a veil. The door of the cabin in the dunes. Minute sene lamp jumped as though caught a beast. Amber hung breathless upon on the hearth, Amber, seeking the the issue, sensing a conflict of terrible table, the babu held silence, his gaze forces in Rutton's mind, but comprehending nothing of their nature. Rut- expectedly out of the house. ton awoke as from a sleep.

"The Voice has spoken, baku," he said, not ungently, "and I have heard." "And your answer, lord?" "There is no answer."

"Hazoor!"

"I have said," Rutton confirmed, venly, "there is no answer." "You will obey?"

"That is between me and my God. Go back to the Hall of the Bell, Behari Lal Chatterji, and deliver your report; say that you have seen me, that I have listened to the words of Rutton impatiently; "sollcitor of the the Voice, and that I sent no answer. "Hazoor, I may not. I am charged

to return only with you." "Make your peace with the Bell in what manner you will, babu; it is no concern of mine. Go, now, while yet time is granted you to avoid a longer forgets that, with him, I am an ac- journey this night."

"Hazoor!"

"Go." Rutton pointed to the door, his voice imperative. He rolled sluggishly toward the door, dragging his inadequate overceat across his barrel-like chest; and paused to cough affectingly, with one hand on the knob. Rutton eyed him

contemptuously. the Token." A slow leer wirened greasily upon his moon-like face "If you care to run the risk," he said suddenly, "you may have a chair "Ah, the Token!" Rutton repeated by the fire till the storm breaks,

"It is babu." "Beg pardon?" The babu's eye widened. "Oah, yess; I see. If : "Aye; it is even here, my lord." The heavy brown hand returned to care to run risk.' Veree considerate the spot it had sought soon after the of you, I'm sure. But as we say in

his gaze-like his thoughts-perhaps battered against the wall as if trying was swift to discover. Nor did I lose ranging far beyond the dreary confines to break it down. The cheap tin keroafter minute passed, he making no up by a hand; its flame leapt high and sign, the babu poised before him in blue above the chimney-and was not. inscrutable triumph, watching him In darkness but for the fitful flare of keenly with his black and evil eyes of the fire that had been dying in embers doorway, fell over a chair, blundered flat into the wall, and stumbled un His concern was all for Rutton; he had no other thought. He ran a little

way down the hollow, heartsick with horror and cold with dread. Then he paused, bewildered. Whither in that whirling world Rutton might have wandered, it was impossible to sur mise. In despair the Virginian turned back.

When he had found his way to the door of the cabin, it was closed; as he entered and shut it behind him, a match flared and expired in the middle of the room, and a man cursed brokenly.

"Rutton?" cried Amber in a flush

"Is that you, Mr. Amber? Thank Gawd! Wyte a minute." A second match spluttered, its flame waxing in the pink cup of Dog-

gott's hands.

He succeeded in setting fire to the wick. The light showed him barefoot and shivering in shirt and trousers. "For pity's syke, sir, w'at's 'appened?" "It's hard to say," replied Amber vaguely, preoccupied. He went immediately to a window and stood feet high."

there, looking out. "But w'ere's Mr. Rutton, sir?" "Gone-out there-I don't know just where." Amber moved back to the

table. "You see, he had a caller." "A caller, sir-on a night like this?" "The man he came here to hide from," said Amber.

"I knew 'e was tryin' to dodge somethin', sir; but 'e never tole me haby's autrance, within the folds of bangal, thee favor at kings is ass a aught about it. What bind of a per-live four his cellar stairs

That Was All.

i...omis-Oh, he broke that

"Madam, you'll have to take that Mildly spoke the sweet-faced mat

have to ask you to take him there." Casually spoke the bulldog, in ow, deep voice:

Then silence like a cataplasm de

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE DEMOCRATIC HOUSE.



WILL SEEK IN EVERY WAY TO EVADE MANDATE OF PEOPLE.

Reorganization of Companies Declared Unlawful is to Proceed Under the Guidance of the Wisest Corporation Lawyers.

In details (which are meager) the story that the National City company is to be a sort of holding company for the Standard Oil trust and the American Tobacco trust may be inaccurate. Essentially, it is quite indisputable that the moves for reorganizing those corporations will proceed along the lines of doing practically what has been done before, by methods which are sufficiently different from the old ones to serve at least during the three or four years of a "prosecution."

place and everyday, one act of a Then, heaven and the courts and the people permitting, a new device drama of blood and fire had been played; into these mean premises the will give another lease of life. And breath of the storm, as the babu enso ad infinitum, for the resources of tered, had blown Romance. . . . eminent counsel are infinite.

The National City company is And yet Amber's hand, dropping new corporate form used by the same Idly in his coatpocket, encountered a financial group which uses the Napriceless witness to the reality of tional City bank (the Standard Oil what had passed. Frowning, troubled, bank) as another form. Its creation he drew forth the ring and slipped it as a medium of controlling two of the upon his finger; rays of blinding em- greatest trusts jointly as a cure for eraid light coruscated from it, dand the activities of the same two trusts zling him. With a low cry of wonder severally is what Mr. Roosevelt might he took it to the lamplight. Never call "delicious," De Tocqueville long had he looked upon so fine a stone, so sgo said: "The remedy for Democra cy is more Democracy." That para-It was set in ruddy soft gold, work- phrase of the ancient adage: ed and graven with exquisite art in hair of the dog is good for the bite," the semblance of a two-headed cobra; may have given the money trust its inside the band was an inscription so quaint idea. worn and faint that Amber exper-

Of course, it is not going to be posflanked by swastikas. Aside from the form which leaves them free of pubstone entirely, he speculated, the value of the ring as an antique would emerald itself, in its original state, To gaze into its depths was like ganize industrial conditions in the interests of the common welfare as the felt his consciousness slip from him subordinate common welfare to selfish privilege. But it is well to keep one's eyes on the trust reorganizations, for they are going to be the center of about as pretty and interesting a game as one would care to see.

Historically, this is a fine time to be alive. There is hardly a dull moment in it.

"The Very Citadel of Protection." There is no senator sitting on this side of the chamber, there is no person who is acquainted with the tariffs of this or any other country, who does not know that an assault on the wool and woolen schedule of this bill is an attack upon the very citadel of protection and the lines of defense for American industries and American labor. If the senate destroys the relations in that schedule, or destroys the schedule itself, you demoralize the whole protective system: and you destroy every line of defense which the people of this country have who believe in the protective policy.-Senator Aldrich in the Senate May 5, 1909.

naled silence to Amber, with a fore-The "Important Defect." finger to his lips; and with a discre-In the Winona speech President tion bred of long knowledge of his master's temper, liptoed through into Taft said of the wool schedule: "It is the one important defect in the present Payne tariff bill and the perform-Amber respected the admonition ance of the promise of the platform throughout a wnit that seemed endto reduce rates to a difference in the cost of production with a reason

able profit to the manufacturer." This "important defect" seems likely to be at least partly remedied by congress. Its work, of course, will be approved by the president who two years ago expressed his belief in the Importance of just such action.

Credit Due to Democrate. Now that President Taft has put his signature to the Canadian reciprocity bill a brief review may be made of the political forces that have contributed to the result. In both houses of congress, 235 Democrats voted for the bill and 14 in the negative; so that the Democrats gave of their forces a net majority of 221 for reciprocity. On the other hand, the Republicans of the two houses gave 85 votes for net Republican majority of 17 in the negative, and revealing an almost The figures are most significant in reflecting the tendencies of the two parties on the tariff question. In the Democratic party the reactionar element is reduced almost to a shad ow. In the Republican party the reactionaries are still the dominant

The most profitable business of the rusts is done through violations of me laws and the favoritism of other laws. It is the task of legislation to prevent both the violation and the

FIGHT HARD PEOPLE TO HAVE FINAL SAY Voters Are the Real Tariff Commission, as Politicians Are to

Find Out.

Good arguments may be found for the work of the right sort of a tariff commission. But, "in the final analysis," the people of these United States constitute the real "commission" for the settlement of all questions affecting their interests.

The present organization understood to be preparing "scientific" information on the tariff question came into existence too late. Anything and everything even purporting to be in the interests of tariff reform were ignored by the tariff barons and their

ready Republican tools too long. Before the compromise scheme for the organization of a commission was carried into effect as a sort of buffer between popular demand and tariff robbery, the people took the matter into their own bands. As a "commission of the whole," the nation dictated its policy by sending tariff re-

formers to make laws in congress. How many, even among the most intelligent and best posted of citizens, can name offhand today the members of the tariff commissionthat body held by standpatters to be so important and so wise that its conclusions must be awaited before the people's mandates shall be carried into effect?

The nation is its own "commission" in this and all other matters of public

Overlooked Perils.

The danger that lurked in the overgrown industrial corporation was at first but dimly perceived. A few original thinkers were quick to proclaim ienced some difficulty in diciphering sible for these trusts, or others, to the word Rao (king) in Devanagari, re-establish themselves under any predatory plutocrats, or be fettered by them. The average American was lic control as they have been free in then accustomed to worship the forthe past twenty years. Legislators tune that was reckoned in nine figures have proven inestimable. As for the (Senator Newlands, for example) are and never stopped to ask himself what already forward with plans for put. the fortune meant. In truth, it was before cutting, it must have been ting the government in control. Pub. commonly thought that a Rockefeller, the ransom of an emperor; lic servants like La Follette, in of- or a Carnegie, grew suddenly rich, much had certainly been sacrificed to fice, and Roosevelt, out of office, will merely because he had unique genius work as fast and persistently to reor- for money-getting. The mystery is a mystery no longer. The Rockefellers and the Carnegies had a genius for heart of the sea. Fascinated, Amber lawyers of Wall street will work to money-getting, to be sure, yet their genius would have counted for comparatively little without the advantages which preferential railway tariffs and secret rebates gave. A fortune running into the hundreds of millions never has been, nor ever can be, amassed within the brief span of forty years, except amid abnormal conditions.-Boston Herald.

Respect.

Mr. Bonaparte while attorney general postponed action against the Harvester trust, he says, "out of respect for the senate," which had requested an inquiry by the bureau of corporations. "Respect"-that sort of respect-

would have led Whitman to postpone action against ex-Senator Gardner until Bruce and the legislative committee had ended the graft inquiry. "Respect" would have kept the po-

lice from thief-catching while the special grand jury investigated the Corrigan crime charges. "Respect" would have made the dis-

trict attorney's office sit pat while Waldo and his men looked into the ice trust.

Law officers have their sworn, duties and an old but not obsolete saying has it that the law is no respecter of per-

All Tarred With Same Brush. "Ex-Senator Mason of Illinois, testi-

fying in the Lorimer inquiry, charged ex-Senator Hopkins, who once defeated him, with being a 'check book candidate."

Probably Senator Lorimer is not oppressed by a sense of uniqueness in Illinois Republican polites.

"When the steel trust had taken ver our company (the Tennessee Coal and Iron) there was feeling that the danger of national disaster had passed," said Mr. Hanna to the Stanley committee. Of course, the object of the panic was accomplished.

Democrats and the Farmer

When Democrats in the United States senate forced the passage of the bill and 102 against it, leaving a the farmer's free list bill, they once more demonstrated the sincerity of their purpose to relieve the people, so far as possible, from the injustices of Republican tariffs.

That Democrats in the house will add their approval to the bill may be confidently expected. Responsibility for the fate of the measure then will be placed squarely on President Taft. The action of yesterday should be

nore potent than any campaign promises in convincing the American farm er that the Democratic party is his

Incidentally, it records another div tinct achievement in behelf of prin-ciples on which the party won such signal triumphs in the last campaign.

## Night Watchman in Bottle

How Cracksmen Were Foiled by Formaldehyde Placed Between Doors of Bank Vault.

tector and cracksman tamer. eral years ago Cashier Clark of the vault. Corona State bank, South Dakota, hit apon the idea that if he could place tor" kept unobtrusive guard. Finally

a bottle of some strong chemical be tween the outer and inner doors of the vaults its fumes might retard the work of safe breakers or perhaps frighten them away. A quart bottle chemistry is due the credit of a of formaldehyde was immediately simple yet nighty efficient cash pro- given a position as a silent night watchman between the doors of the For about five years the "yegg doc-

came. A couple of professional cracksmen entered the town. Two charges of nitroglycerin were used on Cashier Clark's safe that night. The first one did little damage, but the second wrecked both the outer and inner doors, tore the latter from their hinges and threw them out into the rault and against the small safe and afety deposit boxes. The "yeggmen" did not wait to wreck the inner safe. however, for at the same moment the "yegg doctor" responded to a burry feur is the public menace

early in November, 1910, the test call and the fumes of a full quart of formaldehyde filled the room. Choking and gasping, with tears strenming from their eyes, the criminals scram bled out the way they had come in and left tracks down the peaceful country highway that fairly sizzled For days after the explosion the fumes of formaldehyde were so strong that person could not breathe in vault.—Technical World Magazine.

Not the auto but the reckless chau!

Sharply spoke the conductor: ulldog into the baggage car."

scended to meliorate the contusion